STUMPTOWN™

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ISSUE #2

STUMPTOWN™

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ANY DIFFICULTY BREATHING?

A LITTLE...

Legacy Emanuel Hospital & Health Center

AMBULANCE

EMERGENCY

EXIT

...BUT IT STARTED *AFTER* YOU PUT YOUR HANDS ON ME, SO I FIGURE IT'S YOU AND *NOT* THE PART WHERE I GOT *SHOT.*

MISS PARIOS. ARE YOU *FLIRTING* WITH ME?

DEX, AND IT DEPENDS. ARE YOU *MARRIED?*

UH... NO, DEX. NO, I'M *NOT.*

THEN *I'M* FLIRTING WITH YOU, DOCTOR.

AND HERE I AM, TRYING TO BE PROFESSIONAL.

I'M SITTING HERE IN MY SECOND-BEST BRA.

GIVE MY *VANITY* A BREAK AND *PRETEND* YOU'RE HAVING TROUBLE MAINTAINING YOUR *DETACHMENT.*

RAISE YOUR ARMS, PLEASE, AS FAR AS YOU CAN.

I THINK BEFORE THIS GOES ANY FURTHER YOU SHOULD KNOW THAT HER REAL NAME IS ***DEXEDRINE.***

PORTLAND POLICE, MY NAME'S HOFFMAN.

SO I SAW FROM HER PAPERWORK. YOU ARE?

HEY, TRACY.

EASY ON THE MOVEMENT, PLEASE.

I'M ASSUMING FROM THE LOVE IN THE AIR THAT SHE'LL ***LIVE?***

SHE TOOK ***TWO*** ROUNDS TO THE CHEST, BUT THE ***VEST*** HELD.

SHE'S LUCKY. ONLY A SET OF BRUISED RIBS TO SHOW FOR IT.

YEAH, I'M FEELING QUEEN-OF-THE-WORLD RIGHT NOW.

HOW'S THAT?

HONESTLY? A LITTLE ***DISAPPOINTING.***

I WAS KINDA HOPING YOU'D COP A ***FEEL.***

MAYBE NEXT TIME.

HOW SO?

YOU CAN GET *DRESSED.* I'LL GET YOUR DISCHARGE STARTED.

HE'S CUTE.

HADN'T NOTICED.

YOU'RE *CRANKY* WHEN YOU DON'T GET YOUR *SLEEP,* YOU KNOW THAT?

NO, I'M *CRANKY* WHEN I GET A *CALL* FROM A UNIT SAYING THE WOMAN THEY JUST BROUGHT INTO THE E.R. AT LEGACY CLAIMS SHE KNOWS ME.

SECOND THEY CALLED, I *KNEW* IT HAD TO BE YOU.

YOU GOING TO TELL ME HOW YOU GOT *THESE* IN YOUR SHIRT?

I WAS HIT BY *BULLETS.*

AND *WHY* WAS SOMEONE HITTING YOU WITH BULLETS, DEX?

WHY? NOT *WHO?*

YOUR CUP OF COMPASSION JUST *OVERFLOWS,* DOESN'T IT?

OW OW OW OW

I THINK IT'S PRETTY *OBVIOUS* YOU'RE GOING TO LIVE.

YOU HAVE A *WHO?*

SOME GUY NAMED *DILL,* AND NO, I DON'T KNOW IF THAT'S HIS FIRST OR LAST NAME.

HAD A PARTNER WITH HIM, BIG GUY, HE CALLED HIM *WHALE.*

YOU MAKING THIS UP?

AND AGAIN WITH THE OVERFLOWING COMPASSION.

THIS HAVE TO DO WITH THAT *GIRL* YOU CALLED ME ABOUT *YESTERDAY?* CHARLOTTE SUPPA?

I DON'T KNOW.

HEY, DUMB-SHIT! SOMEONE JUST TRIED TO KILL YOU!

Outpatient

NOW IS *NOT* THE TIME TO BE HOLDING *OUT* ON ME.

LET ME TALK TO MY *CLIENT* FIRST, OKAY?

THEN I'LL COME DOWNTOWN, WE CAN PLAY THE PAPERWORK GAME, I'LL LOOK AT THE *MUGSHOTS*--

--*SHIT*, IS THAT THE *TIME*? *SHIT!*

I'VE GOT TO GET ANSEL READY FOR *WORK*, HE'S GONNA BE *LATE*.

ALL RIGHT, GO, I'LL EXPECT YOU *DOWNTOWN* LATER. . .

. . . UMMM . . .

DEX? YOU'RE *STILL* HERE.

YEAH, UH . . . MY CAR'S UP ON BURNSIDE . . .

CAN YOU GIVE ME A LIFT *HOME*?

WHERE ARE YOUR *SHOES*? YOU NEED YOUR *SHOES*. . .

I WANT-WANT TO WEAR M-MY *BOOTS*.

. . . GREY'S GONNA BE HERE ANY MINUTE.

YOU *CAN'T* WEAR YOUR BOOTS, ANSEL . . .

. . . YOU'RE ON YOUR--OW-- *FEET* ALL DAY, LITTLE BROTHER.

DID YOU LOOK IN YOUR ROOM?

WHY "OW," DEX? WHY YOU SAY "OW"?

IT'S NOTHING, DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT. I'LL LOOK IN YOUR ROOM.

SHE GOT HURT

ARE THEY IN THE CLOSET? JESUS, ANSEL, YOU'VE GOT TO CLEAN UP IN HERE. . .

H-HI, GREY!

THERE'S THE FRAG KING!

DUDE, YOU'VE GOT NO *SHOES.*

I WANTED T-TO WE-WEAR MY *BOOTS* BUT DEX SAYS NO.

SHE'S RIGHT, MAN.

I KNOW.

HA!

VICTORY!

HEY, GREY! DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME IN.

MORNING.

LET'S GET THESE ON YOU, ANSEL. YOU NEED HELP TYING THEM?

I CAN I CAN *DO* IT.

I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT, I'M JUST ASKING IF YOU NEED HELP.

SORRY, WE'RE RUNNING *LATE.*

GREY

ROUGH NIGHT?

YOU DON'T KNOW THE *HALF* OF IT.

LISTEN, CAN I ASK YOU A *FAVOR?*

SURE.

I MAY HAVE TO GO OUT TO COAST CITY TODAY, AND IF THAT HAPPENS, I WON'T BE BACK UNTIL LATE.

CAN YOU KEEP AN EYE ON ANSEL AFTER WORK?

I'D BE HAPPY TO.

YOU ARE A *PRINCE* AMONGST MEN, GREY...

...OKAY, ANSEL, WHERE'S YOUR *JACKET*...?

THAT'S HIM . . .

. . . THAT'S THE INBRED MUTANT PIGLET WHO SHOT ME.

RAYMOND DILLON. YOU'RE SURE THIS IS THE GUY?

RIGHT DOWN TO THE CLOVEN HOOVES.

HAVEN'T FOUND THE OTHER ONE IN ANY OF THESE *MUGSHOTS*, THOUGH.

LET ME SEE WHAT'S IN THE *SYSTEM*.

CAN WE HURRY IT UP?

I'D LIKE TO GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE *VOLK* SPOTS ME.

C'MON, HE'S *NOT*--

WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE!?

YOU WERE SAYING?

MY BAD.

HOFFMAN--

--WHAT'S *SHE* DOING IN *MY* SQUADROOM?

MISS PARIOS WAS THE *VICTIM* OF AN *ASSAULT* LAST NIGHT, SIR.

SHE'S TRYING TO GIVE US AN I.D.

WHO'D YOU PISS OFF *THIS* TIME, PARIOS?

IT *WASN'T* ASSAULT, IT WAS ATTEMPTED *MURDER.*

YOU BREAKING UP *ANOTHER* MARRIAGE?

NO, I STOPPED DOING THAT AFTER *YOURS*, VOLK.

JESUS, DEX.

GET OUT.

SHIT.

LOOK, VOLK, I'M SORRY, THAT WASN'T COOL OF ME, I--

GET OUT.

YOU SHOULD GO. I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF WE FIND THIS DILLON GUY.

YEAH, HOLLIS, IT'S DEX, CAN I SPEAK TO SUE-LYNNE?

. . . HI, SUE-LYNNE . . . OH, SWELL, JUST SWELL . . .

. . . LISTEN, DOES *ANYONE* BESIDES YOU AND HOLLIS KNOW THAT I'M LOOKING FOR CHARLOTTE? YOU TELL ANYONE? YOU'RE SURE?

. . . WELL, IT'S FUNNY YOU *ASK*, BECAUSE SHE *CALLED* ME LAST NIGHT. WE ACTUALLY SET A TIME TO *MEET* AND EVERYTHING . . .

YOU'RE *SURE?*

THAT'S WHERE IT GETS *PROBLEMATIC*, YOU SEE. BECAUSE I THINK CHARLOTTE SET ME *UP* . . .

. . . BECAUSE WHEN I WENT TO MEET HER, I FOUND TWO GUYS WHO TRIED TO *KILL* ME, INSTEAD . . .

. . . YES I'M *SURE* IT'S BECAUSE OF CHARLOTTE AND NOT SOMEONE *ELSE* I MIGHT'VE *OFFENDED* . . .

. . . BECAUSE THEY'RE THE *SAME* GUYS WHO WARNED ME *OFF* WHEN I WENT OUT TO CHECK HER APARTMENT, *THAT'S* WHY!

. . . NO, OF *COURSE* I'M NOT *DROPPING* THE CASE . . .

. . . NO, I'VE GOT A LEAD OR TWO LEFT . . .

. . . I'LL KEEP YOU POSTED . . .

. . . TALK TO YOU SOON.

MISS PARIOS? WE MET YESTERDAY AT MY *FATHER'S*--

YOU'RE HARD TO *FORGET*, MISS MARENCO.

I WANT TO *TALK* TO YOU.

WHY DON'T YOU COME *INSIDE?*

HAVE A SEAT, MS. MARENCO.
CALL ME ISABEL.
HAVE A SEAT, ISABEL.
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR *FACE?*
I GOT PUNCHED YESTERDAY.
I ALSO GOT *SHOT.*
DOES THAT HAPPEN TO YOU *OFTEN?*
THE PUNCHING MORE THAN THE SHOOTING.
YOU KNOW A MAN NAMED RAY DILLON? DILL?
I DON'T THINK SO, NO.
WHAT ABOUT CHARLOTTE SUPPA?
I KNOW A *SUE-LYNNE* SUPPA SHE RUNS THE WHISPERING WINDS *CASINO* IN COAST CITY.
EVERYONE IN TOWN KNOWS WHO *SHE* IS.
CHARLOTTE'S ONE OF HER *GRANDDAUGHTERS.*

I'M AFRAID NOT. WHY DO YOU *ASK?*

NO REASON.

WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU, ISABEL?

WHAT DID YOU AND MY *FATHER* TALK ABOUT YESTERDAY?

HE ASKED ME TO DO SOMETHING FOR HIM.

WHICH *WAS?*

WHY ARE YOU ASKING ME AND NOT *HIM?*

MY FATHER DOESN'T TALK ABOUT HIS *BUSINESS* WITH ME, MISS PARIOS.

HE'S SOMEWHAT . . . *OLD-FASHIONED* IN THAT REGARD.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR FATHER *DOES* FOR A LIVING?

MY FATHER IS A *BUSINESSMAN.*

YOUR FATHER RUNS *MARA SALVATRUCHA* IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST, MISS MARENCO.

ISABEL.

THAT IS A RACIST *RUMOR,* THE KIND OF TALK *SPREAD* TO DIMINISH AN IMMIGRANT'S *ACCOMPLISHMENTS.*

MY FATHER *EMBODIES* THE AMERICAN DREAM. HE WAS BORN IN SAN SALVADOR, IN LA MARA, BUT HE *ESCAPED.* HE CAME TO THIS COUNTRY WITH *NOTHING.*

EVERYTHING HE DOES, HE DOES FOR HIS *FAMILY.* EVERYTHING HE HAS, HE HAS *WORKED* FOR, *FOUGHT* FOR.

YOU'RE FORGETTING *KILLED* FOR.

I WON'T SIT HERE AND HAVE MY FAMILY *INSULTED*.

HEY KID, YOU'RE WELCOME TO WALK OUT *ANY* TIME.

WAS IT ABOUT OSCAR?

OSCAR?

MY BROTHER.

RIGHT. YOU SAID I WAS *"TOO OLD"* TO BE ONE OF HIS.

FOR WHICH YOU SHOULD CONSIDER YOURSELF *LUCKY.*

AND THEN YOU SAID THAT WAS ALL RIGHT BECAUSE YOU *"LIKE* OLDER WOMEN."

WHICH MADE ME FEEL *GREAT* ABOUT MYSELF, BY THE WAY. I'M NOT *THAT* FAR PAST *THIRTY.*

THAT WAS FOR *WILLIAM'S* BENEFIT, *NOT* YOURS, MISS PARIOS.

MY FATHER'S. . . BODYGUARD. . . HAS HAD A *THING* FOR ME FOR YEARS. I LIKE TO KEEP HIM *GUESSING.*

SORRY TO BREAK YOUR HEART, BUT I *DON'T* PLAY FOR YOUR TEAM.

ISABEL, I'VE YET TO FIGURE OUT WHAT TEAM I'M *ON.*

WELL, I WISH YOU THE BEST OF LUCK FINDING OUT. THANK YOU FOR YOUR TIME.

THAT'S *ALL?* YOU DROVE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE FROM COAST CITY TO ASK ME THAT?

NO, I DROVE ALL THE WAY OUT HERE TO GO *SHOPPING* AT *TANASBOURNE.*

YOU ARE JUST A *CURIOSITY.*

HAVE A NICE DAY.

YEAH.

YOU, TOO.

TRACY, IT'S DEX . . .

. . . JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU'D FOUND DILLON YET, ACTUALLY . . .

. . . YES, I *KNOW* YOU HAVE *OTHER* THINGS TO DO . . .

. . . NO, STILL HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO MY CLIENT ABOUT THAT, SORRY . . .

. . . JUST CALL IF YOU FIND THE GUY, OKAY? . . .

HELL YEAH, I'LL PRESS CHARGES.

TALK TO YOU LATER.

1. How did Charlotte know I was looking for her? Who told her

2. "ran off with a boy" - who's the boy?

3. Who are Dill and Whale looking for? Too clumsy to be working for the Third party

4. Isabel Marenco = pool of shit.

414 PAC .., M.
415 CORSON, E.
512 FOLEY, J. & K.
514 HUFFMAN, A. & M.
516 GA.. ANO, S.
612 MARENCO, O
61. NORMAN, .
.16 IDELSON, M.

OSCAR MARENCO? MY NAME'S PARIOS, I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR . . .

EXIT

chk BZZZZZ

. . . I WAS WONDERING IF I COULD ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS . . .

YOU'RE NOT *BAD.*

BE HOTTER IF YOU PUT SOME *MAKE-UP* ON THAT BRUISE OR SOMETHING, THOUGH.

SO? COME IN.

GOT ANOTHER SET TO DO, YOU DON'T MIND IF I *PUMP* WHILE WE TALK?

WAS KINDA FIGURING YOU'D BE BY *EARLIER* TODAY, YOU KNOW?

YOU WERE *EXPECTING* ME?

ISABEL SAID YOU'D PROBABLY COME BY.

SAYS PAPA HIRED YOU TO CHECK UP ON ME.

WHY WOULD HE DO THAT?

HOW THE FUCK SHOULD I KNOW? *HE* HIRED *YOU.*

(HNNH)

(HNNH)
SO WHAT (HNNH)
DID YOU WANT (HNNH)
TO SEE ME (HNNH)
ABOUT?
CHARLOTTE SUPPA.

WHAT ABOUT HER?
YOU WERE GOING OUT WITH HER?
YEAH, USED TO. HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN A WEEK OR SO.
I *DUMPED* HER.

PAPA HIRED YOU ABOUT *THAT?*

I'M *NOT* WORKING FOR YOUR FATHER, MISTER MARENCO.
CHARLOTTE'S GONE MISSING, HER GRANDMOTHER ASKED ME TO FIND HER.
I WOULDN'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

YOU DUMPED HER AND NOW SHE'S *MISSING*. THAT DOESN'T CONCERN YOU?
OF COURSE IT CONCERNS ME. BUT I *DUMPED* HER, LIKE I SAID.
TOO *OLD* FOR YOU?

THE FUCK YOU MEAN BY *THAT?*

JUST REPEATING WHAT YOUR SISTER TOLD ME.

LIKE SHE FUCKING KNOWS *ANYTHING*. YOU SHOULD ASK *HER* WHERE CHARLOTTE IS.

ISABEL SAID SHE DOESN'T KNOW HER.

ISABEL FUCKING *LIED* TO YOU.

ISABEL KNOWS *EXACTLY* WHERE CHARLOTTE IS. NO QUESTION SHE KNOWS

WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?

THEY'RE *TIGHT*. WHENEVER CHARLOTTE WOULD VISIT THE *CASINO*, SHE AND ISABEL WOULD HANG OUT.

THING IS, I WENT BY CHARLOTTE'S APARTMENT AND IT'S GOT *ALL* THE SIGNS OF SOMEONE WHO LEFT IN A *HURRY*.

IT'S GOT ALL THAT, BUT SHE DIDN'T TAKE HER *CAR*. WHY WOULD SHE DO THAT?

HOW SHOULD I KNOW? MAYBE SHE'S ON A *TRIP*, SHE TOOK A FUCKING *CAB*.

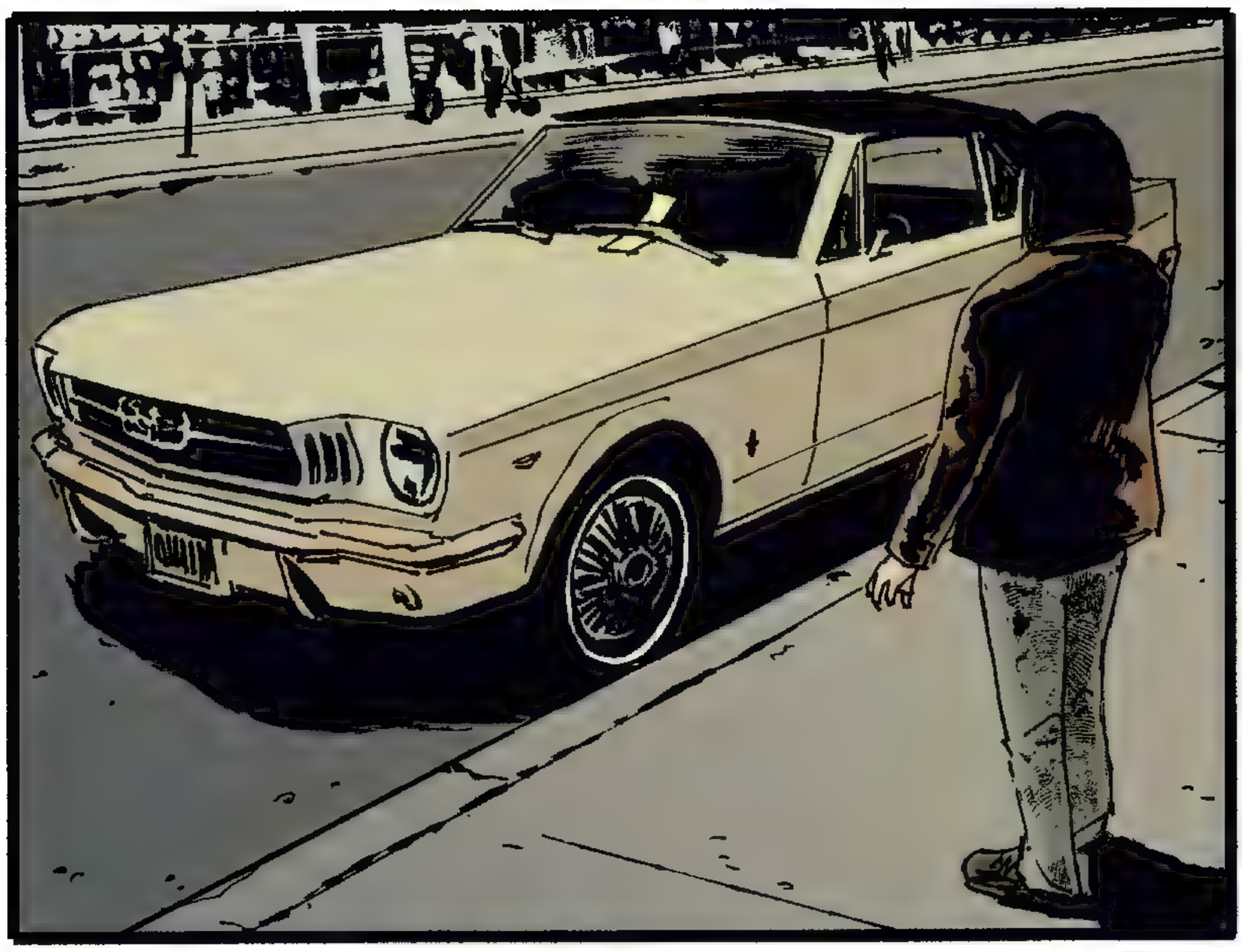
NAH, IF SHE WAS ON A *TRIP*, SHE'D HAVE TOLD HER FAMILY.

I THINK SHE'S *SCARED* OF SOMETHING, THAT SHE WAS AFRAID SHE MIGHT BE *FOUND* THROUGH THE CAR.

YOU THINK MAYBE SHE COULD BE SCARED OF *YOU*, OSCAR?

LEAVE.

I GOT *NOTHING* MORE TO SAY TO YOU.



PORTLAND PARKING VIOLATION

PARKING

PARKING

open
POLICE

THE HEATHMAN HOTEL

VALET

MAY I HELP YOU?

I HOPE SO. THE OFFICE SENT ME OVER TO GET THESE *SIGNED*, BUT THEY DIDN'T GIVE ME THE ROOM NUMBER.

WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE GUEST?

MARENCO.

SHE'S IN FIVE-TWENTY-TWO.

IF YOU LEAVE IT WITH ME, I'LL BRING IT UP TO HER.

I'VE GOT TO GET THESE TO FEDEX AS SOON AS HER SIGNATURE'S ON THEM.

FIVE-TWENTY-TWO, RIGHT? WON'T BE A MINUTE.

522
WAS THAT?

THE FRONT DESK, GRAB YOUR THINGS, HURRY!
522

IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, COME ON!

IF IT'S HIM, IF IT'S YOUR BROTHER--
NAH, IT'S NOT OSCAR. . .

the case of the girl who took her shampoo but left her mini part two

ALL YOU NEED IS A GIRL AND A GUN.

Take what I say with a grain of salt. No, take what I have to say with a *mine* of salt, but I've spent the last little while really poring over what makes a comic book a comic book and what makes a film. And what makes a motion comic a. . .well, whatever a motion comic is.

In one of those quotes that gets attributed to someone (Jean-Luc Godard) but sounds like it might have been said by several dozen people before it got pinned to that guy, cinema is "truth at 24 frames per second". The idea is that a camera is so penetrating as to photograph reality 24 times each second and thereby deliver it to the viewer at blinding speed, in an unconscious rush. And the speed at which those frames rush past is occasion to deliver truth and disguise it simultaneously.

Silent film was originally projected at 16 fps (which is why we often see silent movies running at a silly speed, with pratfalls at high speed and people walking extraordinarily quickly; the film is actually being projected one-third too fast by an inattentive projectionist*), and modern video is delivered at a high frame-rate of approximately 30 fps. So is the viewer actually getting more "truth" for his money?

A panel of *Stumptown* is unequal to 24 or 48 or 96 or 960 frames of film—a panel, when constructed successfully, is delivering an elastic collection of information whose length—and its truth?—is determined by the reader. The pace of the scene is subject to the reader's own investment and mercy, his reading environment, the lamp by his bedside. If you believe in Dexedrine Parios, and if you're worried about what might happen to her, you sink in to the scene itself and deliver that "truth".

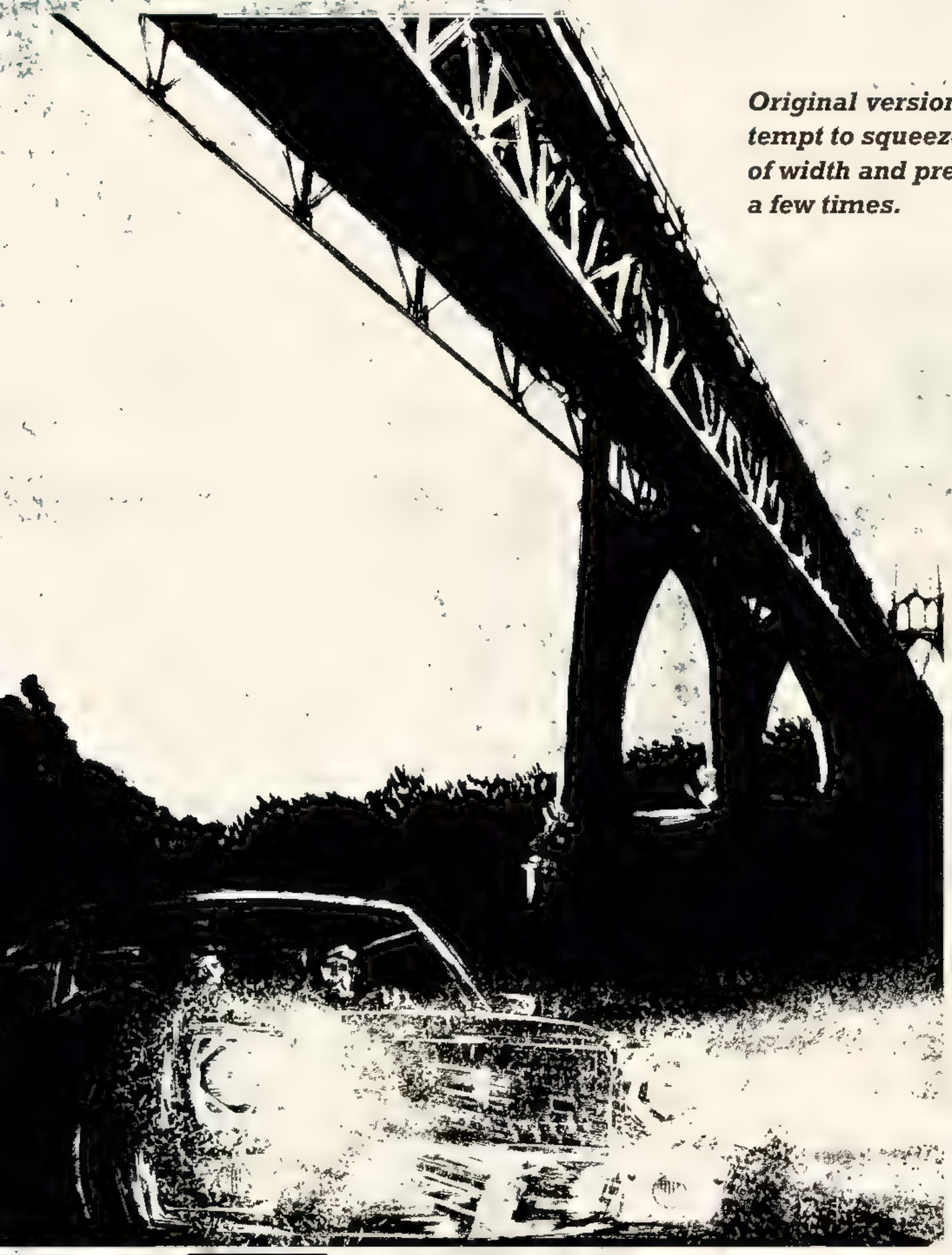
That truth is completely under *your own* control. As you read through the scene, do you hear the traffic on the highway you saw in panel two? Can you feel the soft stickiness of the rain-soaked muddy ground beneath Dex's feet? Or is it under your own feet? This all comes to the question of subjectivity versus objectivity, and I think this is at the heart of what makes a comic book different from a film.

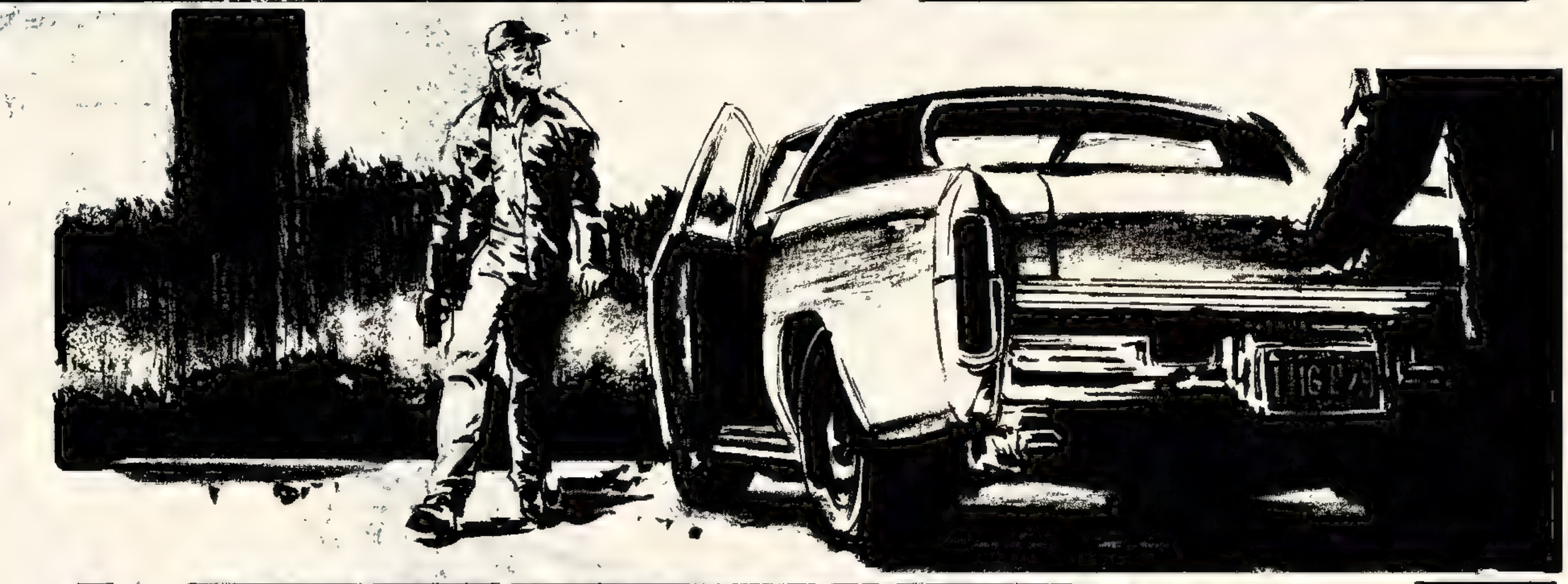
The objective viewer/reader observes the characters and the plot and the dialogue and the art from a bridge overlooking the action or through a telescope or a car window. He himself is not endangered or enraptured, those he observes are. And perhaps he empathizes with the characters, even cries when they suffer. But the subjective viewer somehow lies to himself and is brainwashed into believing *he* is the character—perhaps *all* of the characters.

So what does this have to do with making *Stumptown*, and would you get to the point already, Matt, you're saying? As I'm interpreting Greg's scripts, I'm working at the limits of my own drawing ability. Years of faltering confidence and manic depressive tendencies have made a minefield of my skills—one panel I'm a GENIUS!, the next I'm a fraud, the next I'm asleep (then I'm a genius again). But if I work smart, the energy drinks eating away at my stomach lining and driving me ever closer to the border of diabetes (just kidding, I hope!), I try to

Trying to get proportions of car to people, etc. Pencils for that early version of page one. You can also see me trying to figure out a cool way to sign my name. Embarrassing.

Original version of issue one, page one. You can see here the attempt to squeeze so much into one page. It didn't have the feeling of width and pregnant quiet that I was hoping to get, so I redrew it a few times.





construct the scene in a way that the reader does some of the work for me. And more importantly, for herself.

Sometimes that comes from using photo-reference and making things as "real" as I can. Sometimes it's a matter of using very selective, dirty brushstrokes in an effort to un-focus an area of the panel. Other times it's making an effort to slow down the reader, to ask her to linger over the noisy, tiny little lines showing every door handle on every car in a traffic jam, asking her to read very slowly, to create her own suspense. Other times it's an effort to speed things up by using a looser, more "cartoony" style.

In the production of these first two issues of *Stumptown*, I've used a lot of photo reference, and I'm still mixed on my thoughts about its usefulness. Certainly when I'm trying to convey detail and "believability" in a background, translating a photo of an actual Portland location is the most effective way to do so. But there is a struggle between the documentary aspect of that photo and the less "real" aspect of the characters' clothing, hairstyles and features. A great deal of the work goes not into making things look real and not into adding detail, but finding the proper level of abstraction to make the work as cohesive as possible.

The first five pages of *Stumptown* #1 reflected this complicated recipe of two spoonfuls of photo ref, one cup of decompressed time spread over several panels, stir vigorously with abstraction. Those first pages that I did for the series were redrawn four or five times. I saw that simply having the documentary realism of the photographs was not enough to convey the drama I found in Greg's script.

How fast do you read your average comic? How fast did you read this one? One can read a comic, 22 or so pages, in ten minutes easy. But one can also read that same comic slowly, approximating the time it might take for each panel were it translated directly into a film. "Silent" panels without dialogue can be read in an instant, less than a second. But in my own pages, I usually imagine the silent panels to be the longest, the most suspenseful. It's fascinating to me the elasticity of the experience of a comic book, a "movie" that can last ten minutes or two hours and still be the same story. Or is it?

(And let's not even get into how long it takes to actually draw one of those pages that flip by in twenty to forty seconds. Okay, it takes *me* around twelve to fifteen hours.)

That's why drawing a comic is *exactly* like directing a film. And it's also why drawing a comic is *nothing* like directing a film. I've done both, and they're equally exhilarating and frustrating approaches to telling somebody a story. Comics don't have the benefit of music or editing, like a film does. And at times it's an open question as to whether those elements actually do benefit the film or rob the viewer of the ability to determine the story's progress so that it resonates with her own experience or

I'm sorry that GM sacrificed Saturn.

emotion. Motion comics, a hybrid of film and comics using animated panels, voice actors, music and editing, are still finding their own grammar and are meeting with varied success. Some stories work quite well as motion comics, while others are like the stunted creatures of Dr. Moreau. I'm very, very interested in motion comics and want to see one that succeeds completely.

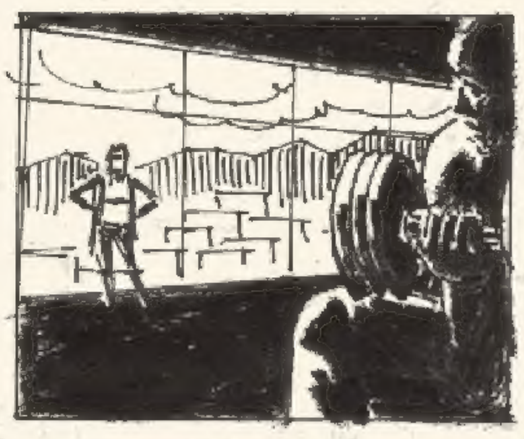
I think it is this issue of subjective versus objective "viewing" that separates the two. When viewing becomes reading, when seeing becomes watching, when hearing becomes listening, that's when things come to life. I hope that you're finding yourself with your feet stuck in *Stumptown*'s muddy riverbank, listening to the cars on the bridge, sinking deeper with each issue.

(*Silent films were projected at a multitude of frame-rates, but 16 fps was the most common. Gradually it became clear that a higher frame-rate created a more lifelike appearance to the actors' motion, and by the time sound was introduced, this higher frame-rate became standard.)

OUR TITLE COMES FROM ANOTHER GODARD QUOTE ("all you need for a movie is a girl and a gun"), and I think it's a great quote and pretty much true. And it fits *Stumptown* like a glass slipper.

SPECIAL OBSESSIVE RESEARCH THANKS FOR THE PARKING TICKET ON THIS ISSUE'S COVER GOES TO:

Jason Leivian of Portland's very fine Floating World Comics, who put out a red alert to all his friends on Facebook to help me get a parking ticket (I *did* get a *speeding* ticket on the way down to our release signing at Cosmic Monkey Comics; we were listening to the Scorpions on the drive, and I lost track. . .). Among the heroes who answered this distress call were Zack Soto, a fine cartoonist in his own right, and The Danger Kids, who I couldn't pick out of a lineup but who finally delivered perfect scans of the ticket. Many thanks!



ABOVE: My friend Gary modeling for Dill. These are all my own clothes—West Virginia cap, German army coat I got in Pittsburgh that got me through very cold winters walking to the bus, and green snakeskin boots.

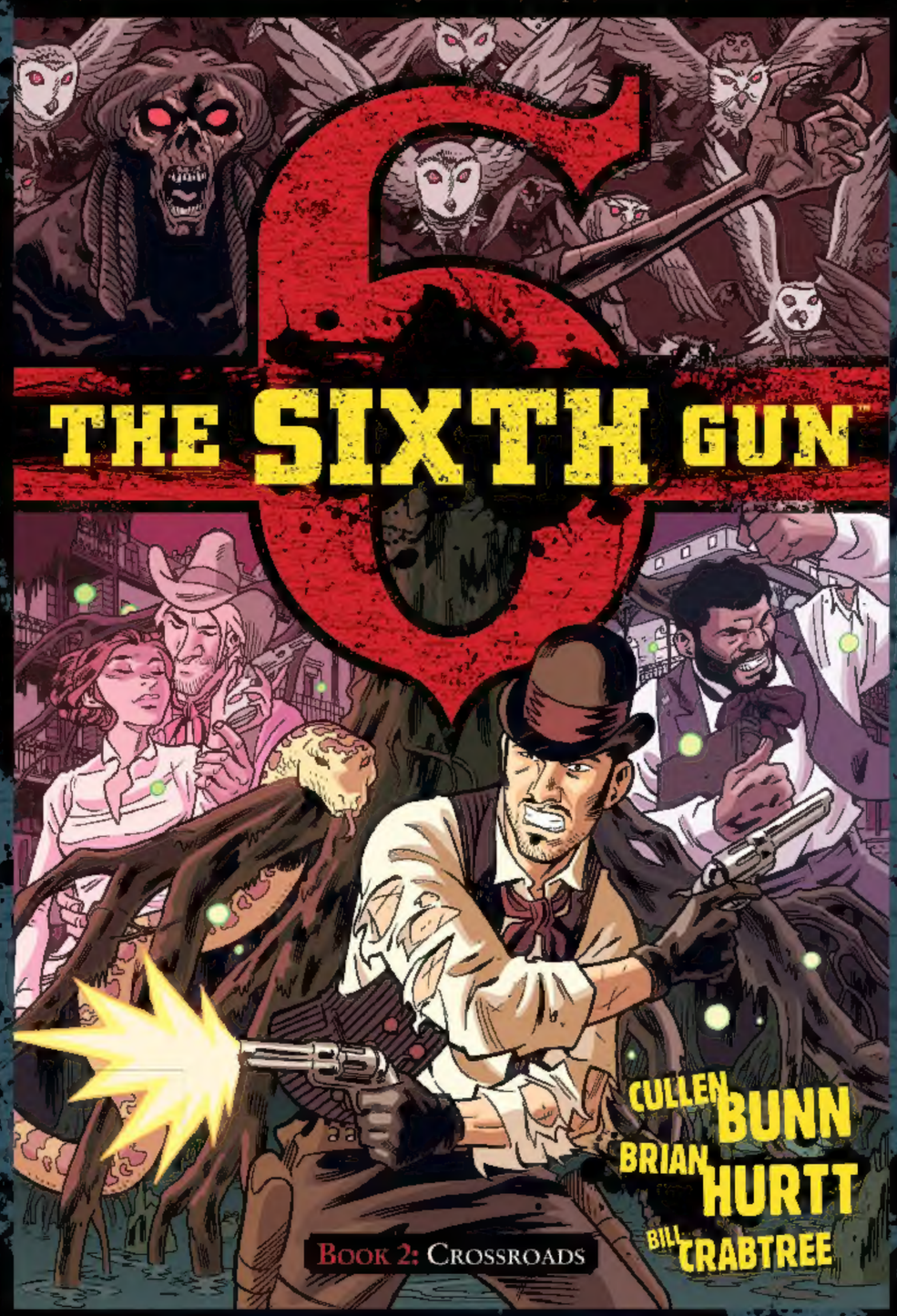
LEFT: Several quick sketches for the cover to this issue. I kind of liked the one in the waiting room but no one else seemed to go for it, and a picture of a group of bored people sitting still, half-asleep, doesn't exactly scream "BUY ME!", does it?

MATTHEW SOUTHWORTH, SEATTLE, NOVEMBER 16, 2009.

HOW THE WEST WAS REALLY WON.

"Say hello to your new favorite comic." –Matt Fraction, *The Invincible Iron Man, Casanova*

"Whacked-out western horror at its best" –Jason Aaron, *Scalped, Wolverine,* and *Punisher Max*



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